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Gaea Loved Her Children

Gaea loved her children;
They played in her wild groves,
And she provided all that they needed.
As her children grew, learned, and prospered,
They left her, child by child,
to find their own places,
Soon forgetting the ways of the wild woods;
They grew to ignore Mother Earth
and to use her for themselves,
Wantonly ravaging the groves of Terra,
And in the absence of a mother's guiding hand,
They destroyed themselves.

George Kral

Sonnet One

Down underneath the dark and gloomy sky,
The minstrel travels gaily through the land;
Appearing in the courts of rulers high,
The minstrel brings his small but happy band.
He sings a song of gentle rolling seas,
Of fiercer battles than a soul has seen;
The lords and ladies dance although the breeze
Tells them that snow too soon will sweep the green.
The minstrel in the gallery strums again;
His late will sing forever through the hills,
The king requests the minstrel to remain,
But he cannot be held by any walls.
He lives off that we do not comprehend:
The joy of song within all mortal men.

Montie Davis

Three Wishes

Once, a fairy, the one who is in charge of wishes, appeared to me. She was arrayed in gossamer and (it seemed) beneath the airy transparent material, was invisible, though now and then I caught a glimpse of a light powdery heavenly blue. This however may have been a trick of the light, at once refracting from and filtering through the gossamer. Her face was fine; her limbs, fragile. Yet she owned and generated, however subtly, a power.

She spoke to me. She said, "For years you have labored without hope of reward or desire for glory, you have labored to bring truth to mankind. This, God has taken note of; and in His own time, He has decided to grant you a wish."

I was of course amazed. I did not think myself engaged in any great otherworldly enterprise. In fact, I was surprised God had taken note of my efforts. I had merely jotted down my thoughts, some of them sublime, I will admit, some of them praising Him, too, now I think of it, and had put them away in a drawer, once and again bringing them out to polish them, hoping some day in the distant future perhaps (after I was dead?) to have them published. Not that I thought they would bring me renown. But I thought they might lead others to God. It was all very matter of fact, though, and I hadn't even thought God had taken notice. I guess He had.

She said, "Lo, I open before you three visions of the future. One of these you may choose for your own. I offer you the ability to write."

"But I'm already writing," I blurted out.

"You are keeping a journal," she said. "One which may interest others, may some day even help them; but literature you do not write, and this, above all, brings



"The Whites of their eyes" by G. Kral, C. Todd, R. Good, J. Tully, D. Fairbairn, B. Heller, and D. Felts.

The Spark of Life

A new mother hugging her babe,
The look between two lovers before their first embrace,
The freshness of a spring day and the glory of a sunset,
A child's love to play
And the smell of a flower;
Aye, these are the sparks of life—
The spark of life is love.
The union of the family
And sharing your love,
Giving a gift
And helping another to learn,
Receiving God's gift of life.
Aye, these are the sparks of life—
And the spark of life is love.

Randy Tibbott

joy to men."

"Literature? I said. "I'm not capable. I..."

"You are being given the capability. Behold!"

She swept her hand in front of her, trailing a gossamer sleeve. And a curtain (the curtain of reality?) parted before her. I looked into an empty prospect.

She said, "You are being given a choice of three futures; you may write one—only one—of three kinds of literature."

"And what are they?" I said, almost breathless with anticipation.

"Epic," she said. "Tragedy. And fantasy."

This last three me off my balance. Regaining it, I smiled.

"Madam," I said, "you engage in bathos."

Looking at me, rather sternly, I thought, she commanded, "Behold!"

And then the prospect became golden, ever more golden, like sunrise at sea, and against this backdrop, this sunny backdrop, I saw myself, standing alone, a volume in hand. Looking down, I saw the volume was bound in vellum, and touching it, I thought it living, like human skin, so impressive was the workmanship. Hefting it, I found the volume substantial and then noticed, it was entitled simply "Epic." (But the letters were red, red as blood, as if carved out of flesh.) Suddenly between me and the light, stood people, many people. They were smiling, rather broadly, (I could see their teeth.), and one, a spokesman, seemed to be congratulating me, his voice like a trumpet. Occasionally, someone else, an official, clapped me on the back, his hand like iron. This I witnessed for a span.

"Enough," the fairy said. And the prospect faded. "Once again," she said, "behold!" And sweeping her arm in front of her, she revealed a sky grown gray. In the distance, clouds were gathering; the very brows of God seemed to gather in anger, and with a crack, a bolt of light spat out upon the earth. Thunder rumbled and

A Granson's Perspective

Ever present within the man,
Knowledge overflowing from the brim,
So much to give, so little time,
—Yet too young to know.

So many sides to one soul,
Like reflections in a pool, sparkling in the light,
Myriad features blended into one,
—Yet too young to know.

A mind at work, producing much,
A tower built up from the ground,
Brick by brick, his own sweat streaming,
—Yet too young to know.

Creating life to bring great beauty,
Happiness to those who chance a glimpse,
Each bud possessing a part of the man,
—Yet too young to know.

Flowing outward from the quill,
Poetry, undoubtedly, the essence of the man,
This talent, destined to outlast him,
—Yet too young to know.

When at death he rose above,
A fugitive, yet now an escapee,
Reaching for new heights beyond the world,
—Yet too young to know.

The splendor, the grandeur, the greatness,
All dwelling within one space,
The latch just waiting to be lifted,
This man is finally understood,
—Yet too late to know.

Ridley Willis

faded away. And then I saw myself sitting in the midst of a very ancient library, myself upon a big square hand-finished oaken seat, resembling, for all of me, a throne of wood; and above this seat, the title "Tragedian." Then, approaching me in single file, as if in academic procession, were men I knew somehow to be scholars, permanently attached to this library. As the procession came near, I looked at the man first in line, and he was dressed in a very distinguished gray; everything—coat, tie, vest, slacks, and shoes—was a very distinguished gray, as was his hair. Stopping, he knelt before me, as did the others behind him, and in his hands he had an urn, made of alabaster, white as snow, and upon it was depicted suffering. Then, as I looked upon it, I thought I saw a wound redden, a limb begin to writhe. I blinked and heard "Enough!" and looked once again upon the fairy, a vision in gossamer.

"Last of all," she said, "Behold!" Again the gesture, and I felt happy. For I heard laughter, the laughter of a child. And its little voice, too, asking a very serious question about a very serious matter. It said, "Will he get out all right?" "I don't know," a voice answered, the voice of maternity, if ever I heard it. And then the voices became silent, and I saw my daughter Emily, her eyes smiling as she advanced, toward me, one year old, toddling, arms upraised. I bend and pick her up. "Da da," she says. I hug her; she, me. I know love. I say to her, "Nem-o-nee, I love thee." Still hugging her, I sway with her, and she says nothing. But I suspect she is smiling. Suddenly, the vision fades. I look at the fairy.

"I don't understand," I said.
"Don't you?" she answered.
"Do I?" I thought about it. "Perhaps. I'm not sure. I saw nothing of literature in the last."

"Did you not? The choice is yours You need not make it now, but make it you will."

For the first time, she smiled. And then was gone.

Mr. Edwards

The Tempest and the Fool

Still and silent filth-frocked form despairs-
Drunkenly stumbling, stentorously cursing
The god that granted him unrelenting life
And clouded the sky, steadily worsening,

A melancholy moaning callous chord
Of chorused souls, carelessly cast to the breeze
Surrounds the soul, enmeshes his muddled mind-
A victim of the wailing, flailing trees.

A flash of thunder, a roar of lightning sounds;
At once he rips his eyes from forests wild;
He runs, he hides, nothing to hide him now
From the vengeance wreaked upon this wayward child.

Relentless rivers-Aquarius relieved-
Pour from the eyes of heaven as in pain;
The oceans find this poor, unhappy soul
and quickly cleanse with John the Baptist's rain.

The sun's healing pow'r's emerge amidst the clouds;
Now pure, he finds his way back to his peace-
It is pleasure-seven deadly sins enjoyed;
He knows these rains will ne'er be able to cease.

Montie Davis

Snap

Snap! Crackle—
The steps,
Slow, slow they come
Through the woods—
The cautious head,
The brown hide
Suddenly appearing—
The explosion—
The flash of light,
The sudden pain—
The exultant cry—
Silence, nothing

Bruce Mangrum

There Once Was a Garden

*There once was a garden, where beautiful flowers
grew.*

*With an azure sky, where singing birds flew;
Bees had no sting, animals no bite,
They lived in innocence and never would fight,
Then one day a new animal came,
A stranger—with no name;
He brought hate and war, jealousy and disease;
He slew the animals and chopped down the trees;
He burned the garden and waited until it died;
When nothing moved, he was satisfied;
He would rule the garden and be king
Only when he had finished, he had killed everything;
Nothing remained, all was destroyed,
Except for the silence of the lifeless void;
He abandoned the garden and rejected his plan,
But he had left his card—His name was man.*

Adam Wiecek

Riddle

It stays down deep in the bottom of caves
Always hiding from the bright light of day.
When the sun has set below the last hill and hollow,
Every moving lantern will it lead and follow.

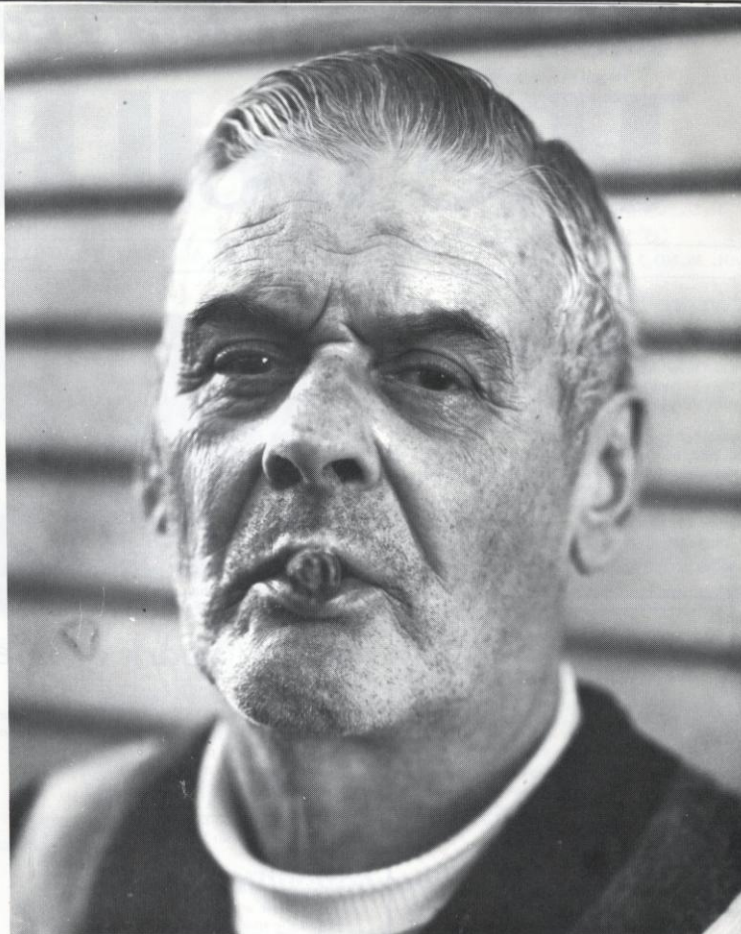
You can try to catch it, if you like;
Clasp your hands around it and hold on tight;
But do not shine a light on it, for if you try,
You will never see its face when it flies.

Men begin to dread when it comes out at night
Because it puts in their hearts loneliness, fear, and
fright;

It so silently comes and silently leaves;
It is also what the blind man sees.

I have told you all about, now it is miss or hit.
You must figure out, what is it.

John Shankle



"Portrait"

Mrs. Hartman

Make War No More

*The day was young,
The sun was climbing,
And the call to arms had just come out.*

*The people cheered as he marched to war,
And no one thought that war
Brings famine, death, destruction.*

*The battle began in this morning light,
Bullets flew everywhere,
And he saw the enemy die.*

*Then the counter attack,
And the third man away from him was hit;
As the man bled to death, his words came forth,
"Make War no more,"
He said,
"Make War no more—"*

*The sun climbed higher,
The day grew older,
With a hot and steaming stench.*

*The enemy comes,
With them come tanks,
And they spit death wherever they tread.*

*The death comes forward, then retreats,
And the second man away from him was hit;
As he struggled to breathe, he uttered these words,*

*"Make War no more."
He choked, gasped, and sobbed.*

"Make War no more—"

*Soon the last battle,
"How funny," he thought,
"Fighting against the Rising Sun while the sun was actually
setting."*

*Suddenly the ash white blast, a tumultuous war,
His friend jumped up, the war was over;
Then his friend was hit, and he finally said,*

*"Make War no more,"
He ordered,
"Make War no more—"*

*It was over,
The war was done,
The famine, destruction, and death need never occur again.*

*But it did,
The bombs were released,
The ash white explosions made night seem like day.*

*The famine, death, and destruction all returned,
Everyone was hit,
Everyone was destroyed.*

*As he died, he laughed and said,
"They can make War no more,"
"They can make War no more—"*

*Everything is gone,
Nothing is left,
Except a laugh.*

Craig Franklin

The Sun Rises

The sun rises above the trees,
The new calf tries his wobbly knees,
Through the mist I walk the freshly plowed rows
And feel the dew as it wets my toes;
It is the spring of my life.

The sun is high in the sky,
The young robin in the oak can now fly,
The crops grow in the warm soil,
I sweat from my toil;
It is the summer of my life.

The sun falls as it must,
The geese fly south before the cold gusts,
The grain ripens in the sun,
I finish the job that I had begun;
It is the fall of my life.

The sun sets with a gold hue,
With my old dog I savor the times that I knew,
The cold fields are covered with snow,
My days are few, but I know
A life better than this, where I want to go;
It is the winter of my life.

Whitfield Hamilton

Lack of Love

The newborn one arrived safe and secure,
A healthy child and perfect in its form,
Sent from Him on high, and special in God's eyes,
A blessing true to those who loved him so.

His brothers, two of them, stood amazed,
At this new small one coming to their home,
But only love, not jealousy, arose,
And harmony and peace existed there.

The child grew strong, a happy babe in life;
Attention or affection he lacked none;
He thrived on all the love of those around,
Who treated him as richly as a king.

He learned the nature of things, right or wrong,
A quick word or a sharp one taught him so;
For all his mischief, punishment he got,
Yet all this done only for love of him.

As days passed on, fights and conflicts grew;
The child's two brothers were no more amazed;
They saw no special traits in their brother,
No longer peace and harmony seen there.

The parents too, they put aside the child,
With such a busy schedule, who had time;
Besides, the child could take care of himself,
He probably had no need of special care.

What hurt, what pain, what frustration he felt,
Why did they seem not to love him as much;
Oh, would that he were yet a babe again,
To have a special place with them again.

Do not worry little one, God sees you there,
And he shall give you love in time of need.

Carlisle Herron



John Erwin's "The City"

Locust Summer

It was early summer in the small town town of Crosscreek, Tennessee. Jack Turner was mowing his lawn on a lazy, sunsplashed afternoon. Down the street, he could see a group of young boys playing kickball in the street. A manhole cover was home plate, two bricks made up first, a pothole was second, and a lamp post was third. He recalled the joys of his youth and how much fun he and his neighborhood gang used to have on lazy afternoons like today. Those were the good old days Jack thought to himself as a smile appeared on his face. As he was watching the boys play kickball, the local paper boy came riding down the sidewalk on his bike.

"Hi, Mr. Turner," he said as he threw the afternoon paper at Jack's feet.

"Hello, Tommy," Jack returned, "You tell your Mom I said 'Hi,' you hear?"

"Okay," Tommy yelled over his shoulder as he continued his ride down the street.

Jack bent over and picked up the paper. The headline glared out at him in large black type, "Bizarre Murderer Claims Third Victim." Underneath he read that 21 year old Christina Knox had been walking home from her modern dance class and had become the third victim in recent weeks of the depraved murderer who had been stalking the streets of Crosscreek under the veil of night. Her throat had been cut, her body disemboweled, and her right hand had been cut off at the wrist and was missing. Beside her body, spelled out in blood, was the taunting challenge, "Catch me if you can." Police were totally baffled, and no leads had been found as of printing time. Miss Knox's funeral was scheduled for 3:00 Friday afternoon at the First Methodist Church on Timber Lane.

Jack folded the paper back up and thought how much simpler and uncomplicated the "good old days" really were.

As Jack finished mowing the lawn, the sun, on its endless trek across the sky, was once again dying in the west, splashing the afternoon with gold and crimson. A light breeze had risen from the southwest, and it cooled the muggy air of the late afternoon. The sweet smell of freshly cut grass filled the air with its soothing aroma. The group of boys who had been playing kickball had all been called to supper, and all around there was the entrancing melody of the locusts. This was the summer when the locusts came up out of the ground after seven years sleep and sang their hypnotic love songs. Every seven years they awakened, assured the survival of their race, and then quietly died away again. While they lived, there was the constant hum of male and female as they sang for each other and performed exotic love dances to entice and arouse.

The murders had begun about the time the locusts had appeared, and they had attracted reporters from

as far away as Nashville, Memphis, and Knoxville. Still, these events did not directly touch the life of Jack Turner. They seemed distant and unreal, and Jack went about his daily routine as usual. He had other more important things to worry about: paying his bills, fixing his car, buying a new stereo.

That night he slept as the hum of the locusts drowned out all else. Jack Turner dreamed a terrible dream. He saw a young woman walking along a tree lined sidewalk. Overhead the crescent moon danced in and out of fluffy, gray clouds. Stars twinkled. The girl seemed anxious, nervous, frightened. As she walked, he could hear her heart pounding and sense her darting eyes. Then there was the snapping of a twig behind her. She jumped around to see a large, shadowy figure advancing toward her with blinding speed. Her eyes bulged out in terror and she opened her mouth in shock. As her scream pierced the stillness of the night, Jack suddenly awakened to find himself safely in bed, the morning sun beaming in through his window.

Maybe those murders had affected him after all. He had noticed a small pang of uneasiness.... no, fear, which seemed to descend upon him with the onset of darkness, but he had merely passed that off as on the job tension. He also noticed a slight suspicion which unaccountably arose as he saw other people during the course of the day. Yes, he even began to wonder about that slightly goofy man who lived down the street, the one who always wore a bow tie and carried a stack of books under his arm. Jack had always thought the man acted peculiar, but in an eccentric sort of way. Could he be capable of committing such a sinister act? "That's silly," Jack said, almost inaudibly to himself, but still there was doubt.

The evening paper's headline said that another victim had been found, but this time the police had uncovered some undisclosed evidence and had picked up a suspect for questioning. They did release a statement which verified the details of the killing. It said that the victim's throat had been cut, her stomach ripped open and disemboweled, and her right hand was missing. However, in this incident the murderer had left two triumphant words spelled out in blood beside the body—"Ha! 'a!"

The locusts were dying and along with them died the memories of the gruesome murders that had plunged the town into a nightmare. The suspect had been released, and he immediately left the state. The murders stopped, and the people of Crosscreek once again became enmeshed in the news of the President's economic plan, the state elections, the sex scandal brewing in Congress, and the latest aggression of the Soviet Union.

Seven years had passed since that summer. Jack Turner married a beautiful girl, and they have a four year old boy named Michael. This summer has been unusually hot and dry. It has been two and a half weeks since the last rainclouds passed overhead. The air is heavy and stagnant, and a general feeling of restless laziness has fallen over Crosscreek. Only the

freshly awakened locusts and one demented man seem eager to work. The locusts have once again awakened from their seven year sleep to sing, to love, and to die away again. These same locusts seem to unlock some hidden evil which otherwise remains locked deep inside one tortured man's soul. For with the advent of the locusts' hypnotic melody, two more grisly murders have been committed. Two young girls have been found: throat cut, gutted, and right hand missing. Police have so far found no clues as to who, what, or why, the murders have been committed. They, like the town, must sit back and wait helplessly for the darkness of night to descend, for the locusts to sing, and for another murder to be committed.

On Sunday afternoon the drought finally broke, and God sent dark gray clouds to pour what the oldtimers called a real "gullywasher." A mild breeze, combined with the rain, cooled and freshened the air around Crosscreek. Jack and his wife Lisa were sitting out on their front porch in the swing watching the blessed rain soak life back into the land.

Inside they could hear the delighted giggles of their son Michael. Jack had missed work the last two days because he felt sick with a virus; but today all the symptoms seemed to have dissipated, and he felt certain that he was well on the way to recovery. Jack excused himself from Lisa and went inside to check on Michael, who was playing in the basement. As he started down the top steps of their basement, Jack could see his son playing with what looked like a new toy. As he neared the bottom, a sudden pinch developed in his stomach, and his throat muscles contracted, making him gasp for breath. Innocently turning to his father with a huge grin, Michael asked, "Do you want to play with this, Daddy?" In Michael's outstretched hand was the bloody hand of a girl which had been severed just below the wrist. A scream welled up in Jack's stomach but it was stifled in his throat. His brain was on fire and then everything was spinning and turning dark. Jack reached out to grab the handrail to keep from passing out. When he could once again recognize where he was and what was happening, Jack asked his son where he had found his new plaything. The boy gleefully pointed to a hole in the distant corner of the basement wall. The bricks had been loosened and removed, and the hole refilled provided a perfect hiding place for money or more secret and valuable items. Jack, on rubbery legs, walked over to the hole, and thought it funny that he had never seen the hole before. When he reached the hole and gazed in, his heart leapt through his throat. He turned around and threw up what had been his lunch.

In the hole was one slightly rotted hand on which ants were scurrying back and forth and one large, gray spider was casually eating his fill of flesh. Behind this were the skeletal bones of five other hands with some rings still on them.

Terry Cashion

Waiting

Standing alone in his foxhole, the young soldier wondered if maybe he was really dreaming. No, he remembered being left orders to hold the hill. He stayed alert, keeping watch for the evil green smoke that would take a man's life faster than one snuffs a candle. The soldier thought of his friends still in school. How vehemently he had defended the war, yet now he had an uneasiness in his stomach which he could not explain. He thought of his older brother's friends, the ones who said not to go. Well, maybe they were of another era. He thought of how proud his grandfather had been to wear his uniform when the young man had left for the war. He wondered if past wars were really that glorious. As he strained his eyes into the distance, he thought of the deadly mist used by the enemy. He had seen it once before. It reminded him of the buglamps used by his aunt at home. The young man wondered if he had changed in the last few months, if he was really as tough as everyone said he was. Somehow, he did not feel tough. He wondered how his friends were doing in school. He remembered reading a story in English about a German soldier who killed a French soldier. He thought about the German's statement that the man he killed might have been a friend in peacetime. Then, the young man recollected an eccentric history professor who emphasized every treaty made in history. He wondered if someday he might be a part of a treaty.

Standing in his small hole, his mind drifted to religion. He had never been very religious, but he felt as if God were there. As he looked around his hole, he noticed things he had never seen before. How well the grass stuck in the ground or how easily the worms crawled in and out of the soil. Somehow, he did not feel too far away. Suddenly he began to shake, and he cried, "Lord, don't let me be a part of man who tears this down!" He felt sleepy. He remembered his lumpy bed back home. He smiled when he thought of the dog in the next room, crunching her dog food during the night. Maybe his father could now use that room as a study he so deserves, he mused quietly. Somehow, he felt at peace. In the distance, he could see a light colored fog rising over the trees, like the fog that covers the lake early in the morning.

Jim Harrison

When Life Is Poured

*When life is poured-
It melts.*

*When in come the trials,
And out go the smiles-
It melts.*

*Slowly it forms a pool,
And life it moves-
Slowly the pains recede,
The cube is most gone,
And yet well spent-
The ice, it melts.*

David Edwards

Nuestra Segunda Casa

Los dos edificios nos protegen de los malos agüeros.
La bandera americana que muestra patriotismo
también es protegido por la fiel artillería.
Hay una muralla cerca de nuestra segunda casa,
pero la puerta siempre está abierta a cualquiera persona.
Un cañon mas pequeño protege la puerta terrea.

La corriente del agua en el anexo describe
estudiantes alistándose en el séptimo nivel,
sentándose por muchas clases terreas e interminables,
y finalmente graduándose seis años después.
El puente de piedras a través del arroyo fluente
se cruza después de cada día de aprender.
La estructura marañón se parece a una llama
a cuya intención no se sabe a la mayoría.
Un mirador pequeño tiene un frente de jóvenes
que mantiene un juvenil espíritu entre estudiantes.
Cada bala vertical está en memoria de los que
se han sacrificado por nuestra segunda casa amada.
El Pensar que unos no ven nada en su segunda casa
es desgranador, pero en realidad es la verdad.

Walt Conn



"Head of a Horse" by Ewan Leslie

The Book of Jeff

In the beginning, there was Jeff. And Jeff said, "Let there be Summer Camp!" And there was Summer Camp, if one can call a bunch of lonely trees a camp. On the first day, if you are keeping count, Jeff created a Program Director for his Camp from some used art brushes and paint and a teaching degree, for she came from the other dimension of Art Department in the Land of Public Schools. And it came to pass that Jeff called the Program Director Meryl and he saw that Meryl was good, and he started her to work. On the second day (the next day after the first), Jeff created Unit Heads for his Camp. He took some patience, mixed it with experience, and Naomi appeared for kindergarten and first grade, Sherie for second through fourth grade, and Sam for maccabee and yaldot (fifth and sixth grade to all those who do not know the sacred language of the Holy Land of Philadelphia). And it came to pass, along with everything else, that Jeff put them to work, because he could not find anyone else. On the third day, Jeff created Specialists. He made B.K. for instructing Arts & Crafts and he gave unto her an assistant named Paul. Jeff made Amy for Drama and Dance and gave unto her Dana, who was later replaced by Shari. Jeff was so insane, he even made one for instruction in the fundamentals of Sports, and another Specialist for teaching about Mother Nature and how she cannot be fooled. Lastly, he made a Scout of the Israelis, strong of slap and weak of English. So it came to pass that this Scout worked alone. On the fourth day, Jeff created Seniors Counselors out of yells and threats. Their names would be related here, but nobody really cares anyway. On the fifth day, Junior Counselors were created out of low pay and inexperience. Their names would also be told, but they are of even less importance than the Senior Counselors. On the sixth day, Jeff created the campers, a big mistake, of all shapes, sizes, and ages. On the seventh day, Jeff rested, which was hopefully docked from his pay.

Camp soon started and everything went smoothly except for a few broken arms and legs and lots of rain on Thursdays. Even the creation known as hobby time worked out with no problems (probably because Meryl was in charge of the whole schmeer and not Jeff). Then the campers started fighting and arguing. So it came to pass one more time that Jeff sent down a Two-day rain of lice while feigning illness from far away. Then, Jeff created Richard, a sanitation engineer to rid his Camp of the filthy Lice. This period of time was known for minutes as the Exodus. Exodus meant "Hooray! The Lice left for Lower Latvia."

But, alas and alack, especially alack, the campers had not learned their lesson, so Jeff derived the TEN COMMANDMENTS OF CAMP, and he passed them to the campers on top of the high diving board. They are as follows:

1. I am the Chief, thy Camp Director, thou shall have no other Counselor before me!
2. Thou shall not worship Specialists!
3. Thou shall not yell at Counselors!

Hunger

Yellow staring eyes
Shift quickly above
Drawn cheeks to behold
Another famished day:
Small, bare feet
Are burning red
By the touch of the ground:
You watch
The table decked,
Through thermopane
And you gaze a gaze
Into white, laughing rooms
Bite, you stick figure,

Into a tightening
Cultural knot.
Oh rag doll, you remember words
Like they were plastic;
Have you no remembrance
From the frigid air,
From the cold,
Comforting, night?

Robert Cooney

4. Thou shall remember to clean the Camp and keep it holy!
5. Honor thy Junior and Senior Counselors!
6. Thou shall not fight!
7. Thou shall not take thy Counselors' stuff!
8. Thou cannot commit adultery (yet!)
9. Thou shall not be a Tattle-Tale!
10. Thou shall not covet thy Buddies' extra helping of tuna fish sandwiches.

Then Jeff created an eleventh commandment especially for the kindergarten boys and about the proper uses of facilities. For it had come to pass that some youthful lads were ignorant in the ways of the bathroom.

Next, Jeff proclaimed the Diaspora. Counselors and campers were viciously separated and rearranged. This Diaspora has come down through the ages as the divisor of the First and Second sessions of Summer Camp.

Then, it came to pass (in another short paragraph) that Jeff also declared a buddy system for swimming times. And the campers marched into the pool, arms raised, two by two. There were kids of all ages, shapes, sizes, and every description. One could say that Jeff was so omniscient that he was a "Noah-t-all." (So, it's a bad pun, Jeff likes it).

Then after all the campers had left for the year, The Great Deluge was cleaned and everyone said goodbye and waited to do this all over again next year.

Ye Olde Ending

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Jeff Feld, the Director of the Hewish Community Center Day Camp, to whom this selection is entitled and dedicated.

I would also like to thank Greg Spinner and Matt Walter for helping me a little on the organization, but I cannot because I did almost all of this by myself.

Paul Kornman

THE BELL RINGER

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The Mysterious Creator

Today the skies were so dark and gray,
But to him it seemed such a wonderful day;
The day brought an air of gloom,
To him it was as if the flowers were in full bloom.

The skies grew black, the dry ground shook,
But beautiful to the man did this world look;
The thunder started rumbling, the rain began to fall,
But he felt as if he were in God's majestic halls.

The rains fell heavier, the sun never came,
But to him the beauty of the world was still the same;
The skies were so dark, there would never be light,
But the heavens looked to him so wonderfully bright.

Could this man have been pretending in vain,
Or could have just been truly insane;
No, he was the ruler of this great abode;
He was the Creator, and He was our Lord.

Bobby Khan

The Final Straw

Behind the walls the village stood, the strongest in
the land;
The men had sweated, fought, and died to build it up
by hand.

For years they lived with joy, working hard for their
daily bread,
But soon they found their leader, the spirit of the
village, dead.

One tribe heard of the leader's death, impatient to
show its might,
Decided that to rule the land they must beat them in a
fight.

So late one night a group of men led by a crazed
marauder,
Broke into a village peasant's home and took his
lovely daughter.

The village now was in despair, it did not want to
fight.
But the men who built the city were losing daughters
day and night.

Their weakness was their hope that the trouble
would go away;
But this vain hope was shattered by the marauders
the following day.

The marauders, sensing that they had brought the
city to its knees,
Rode into the village killing, burning buildings,
crops, and trees.
But their greatest prize, or so they thought, was the
little girl they found,
Walking home from school just outside the stricken
town.

This was the final straw, they say, that broke the
camel's back,
And the brave men from the village armed themselves
for the attack;
One thousand men in gleaming arms rode out of the
town that day,
Determined to save the girl and make the marauding
tribe pay.

One thousand men met one thousand men and fought
for days and nights,
And when dusk fell and they could not see, they used
their torches for light;
The battle went on for days and weeks, and neither
side could win.
But the village men were determined to punish the
marauders for their sin.

Two thousand men lay dead and strewn about that
remembered place,
But half of these men lay dead with a smile upon their
face;

For you see, they rescued the little girl from the
deadly grasp of fate,
And no harm came to that village again, their enemies
always remembered that date.

David Felts

The Chaw That Ate Nashville

9:00 a.m., Friday, the 13th:

Mick Jock arrives at his job. This job is very important to the people living in Middle Tennessee. He works at a nuclear energy plant at Oak Ridge, a city known for one thing—radioactivity. Mick is a technical advisor for this plant.

How he wound up in such a crucial and important job is a total mystery to me and everyone else who knew him when he was growing up. Mick was voted least likely to succeed in high school and in college (kind of sounds like Germany in the World Wars). Anyway, when he graduated from college (a miracle in itself), he became a goldbrick who lived off his rich father. One day he decided he would be a great runner. However, he became quite disinterested with this sport when he learned he could not run in the Olympics because he received money for being a professional wrestler while in college. He then asked his father to get him a job. His father told him that he could either be a brain surgeon or a technical advisor. He chose the latter because he could not stand the sight of blood. The job he chose gave Mick an opportunity to do what he was very good at—sitting around and doing nothing.

2:00 p.m.:

For about the second time in his life, Mick is given some responsibility. He is ordered to sweep the halls. All he had to do is go to the broom closet and get a broom. But the clod cannot even do that. He opens the wrong door, even though it had a huge "Danger" sign on it. The door opens into a radioactive waste-holding room. Mick quickly realizes this and quickly shuts the door. However, some radioactivity reaches him. He does not realize this. Finally, he finds the broom closet and completes this enormous chore of sweeping the halls.

4:00 p.m.:

Mick makes a momentous decision. He decides to comb his hair. He makes one stroke of the comb and a huge chunk of his hair clings to the comb. Thinking his shampoo is too potent, he dismisses this as a trivial event. But, this is the beginning of the most terrible event in the history of Nashville.

5:00 p.m.:

Mick gets off work and is ready to go to Nashville so that he can see his lifelong love Cherry Dacquiri.

5:05 p.m.:

Mick waves goodbye to his secretary in the parking

Dr. Livingstone

Dr. Livingstone, slowly paddling down the Nile,
Once met a wild savage trained in the methods of guile,
Asking the doc in his very best English tone,
Do you the fine art of cannibalism condone?

Before the good doctor could give answer to the man,
He noticed they had gotten out the old broiling pan;
Then he appealed to the witch doctor to set him free,
"Wouldn't you rather sit down to a nice cup of tea?"

"Urgle, rumble, gumble, fumble," was his reply,
And Doctor Livingstone knew he was about to die;
His hope was almost gone when he looked into the trees,
And to his great wonder saw a troop of British fleas.

The army of insects attacked with great vigor;
This was certainly something the natives didn't figure!
And although the tribe thought they would eat the man's liver,
They found themselves driven into the big black river.

When he got back to England, having survived the fight,
Queen Elizabeth made him a pure and holy knight,
And Doctor Livingstone, not wanting to be a hog,
Rewarded the fleas' efforts by giving them a dog.

And this little story proves that even man's worst foe
Should not be considered the lowest of low.

Warren Coleman

lot. This is the last time he will ever be seen.

6:15 p.m.:

Mick is getting over anxious. He cannot wait to see Cherry. So, he decides to put in a wad of tobacco. While opening the pack of chewing tobacco and putting it in his mouth, Mick loses control of his Nova and plunges to his death off the Levi Garrett Bridge. Unfortunately, no one witnesses the accident.

7:00 p.m.:

A very strange thing is happening. The undiscovered body is still, but its cheek starts pulsating. Mick's chaw is alive! Slowly, it creeps out of Mick's lifeless mouth. The chaw starts to engulf Mick and soon has totally consumed him. The chaw oozes up onto the highway ready to devour another victim.

7:15 p.m.:

The chaw, having eaten about thirty people, is now a huge, ravenous creature. It is on the outside of Nashville. Sensing more food, it heads for downtown.

7:30 p.m.:

One of its next victims is Ray Blanton. As soon as it finishes eating Blanton, it burps and says, "Pardon me, Ray."

8:00 p.m.:

The chaw is spotted by the police. Quickly, the National Guard is called, but they are no match for the creature. The bullets and shells do not hurt it; they only make it more angry.

8:30 p.m.:

Scientists decide that the only way to kill this beast is to smother him in tobacco expectorations (chaw juice). Quickly, the Metro government starts calling all the great chewers and pleading with them to come and help fight this beast.

8:45 p.m.:

The chaw reaches M.B.A. A great battle ensues between the chaw and loyal members of the M.B.A. community. Finally, after many casualties, the chaw is turned away.

9:15 p.m.:

The chaw arrives at Municipal Auditorium where Muck Dockwin is giving a concert. Fortunately, the building is practically empty. The reason is obvious if you ever heard Muck sing. The only people who are watching him are two deaf lip-reading people with binoculars sitting on the back row of the balcony. The chaw destroys the auditorium and its occupants.

9:30 p.m.:

The chaw, having reversed its course, now destroys the N.E.S. building, causing the city to be almost totally engulfed in flames.

9:45 p.m.:

Downtown is almost completely obliterated. The only people alive are those contently spitting on the chaw, which has reached the Life and Casualty building. Here it contemplates where it should attack next. Also, it gives the chawan opportunity to digest all of his food.

10:00 p.m.:

A plane is heard in the distance. It is a very large cargo plane that is carrying a very special bomb. The bomb has two main components. First, the large section contains 50,000 gallons of pure American chaw juice. The second compartment is a detonator that will break the first compartment and spray chaw juice all over the chaw. Only a direct hit will kill the chaw.

10:15 p.m.:

After circling the chaw several times, the plane lets the bomb go. The bomb slowly falls. At a few feet above the chaw, the bomb is detonated, and chaw juice covers the chaw like a brown monsoon. A direct hit! The building collapses under all the weight and the chaw falls to its death.

11:00 a.m., Saturday, the 14th:

Only a few buildings are standing. Only a few people are drifting about. But, the chaw that ate Nashville is dead.

Brian Nicholson

The Message

Once, long ago, in the state of Louisiana, not long before the Civil War, there lived an old black man in the deep bayou. He had escaped from the slave ship which had carried him over to America, and he remained hidden in the bayou for countless years. The slaves on the surrounding plantations held a general belief that the old black man had magical powers and was soon to free the slaves from bondage, but nobody really knew the old black man had magical powers.

The wise, old black man understood the plight of the slaves. He had a son who was a strong, confident, courageous, and loving young black man. The old man was very proud of his son and loved him dearly. As the plight of the slaves worsened, the old man felt he should take a message to the slaves, but, since he was too old and feeble, his son would have to go in his place.

The old black man, therefore, taught him everything concerning the message and its meaning. The son was soon on his way, determined to tell everyone of the message of his father. Gradually, as he spread the message of his father, he became very popular among the slaves. What he had to say gave strength and courage to the enslaved and gave them the will to carry on. Nobody asked the young man how he had the freedom to travel all over the South and preach to the slaves. Nobody ever asked him to prove he was not a runaway slave. As he walked along the dusty roads of the South between plantations, he did twelve times stoop and pick up a chestnut from the road bed. He did not eat them or throw them away, but he put each and every one of the twelve in his breast pocket near his heart. The young black traveled north up to St. Louis and then turned east and went all the way to Richmond, spreading the message of his father.

In Richmond, the slaves treated him like a king and

listened faithfully to every word he had to say. The plantation owners of Richmond, however, fearing that he was stirring up too much trouble among the slaves, decided to have him lynched. As soon as the young black man heard of this plot, he promptly went to a large field on the outskirts of Richmond and planted the twelve chestnuts in the shape of a cross. He then returned to Richmond just in time for a mob to capture him, lynch him, and finally hang him till he was dead. The mob left the body hanging there to rot as a lesson to their slaves.

Three days after the hanging, the body of the young black man disappeared. The chestnuts grew quickly and became very large and strong trees. Those trees are still there and anyone who eats the fruit of these trees will know and understand the message of the old black man.

Ernest Franklin

El Más Gran Amigo

El tiempo se escapa detenido por nada,
Cambiando todo que hemos conocido,
Y cuando la vida corta ya termina,
Segamos la cosecha que hemos sembrado.

Aunque dudamos el mundo que hemos hecho,
Y el tiempo que nos halla sin ningunos amigos,
Hay un Ser que siempre se ha quedado,
Permaneciendo firme al lado de nosotros.

Los debiles y fuertes, los jóvenes y viejos,
Todor éstos compartep el más gran Amogo,
Por si el corazón de El ellos, pueden adivinar,
Todos se hallarán allé con El.

Así aunque pensamos que andamos solos,
Y no merecemos tal vez el amor de Este,
Dirjanse a El y expien los pecados,
Hallarán el más gran Amigo en el Ser arriba.

Chris Stephens

The Greatest Friend

Time slips by deterred by none,
Changing all that we have known,
And when our little life is run,
We reap the harvest we have sown.

Though we doubt the world that we have made,
And times find us a friend denied,
There exists a one who has ever stayed,
Remaining steadfast by our side.

The weak and strong, the young and old,
The greatest friend they all do share,
For if his heart they could unfold,
They all would find each other there.

So though we think we walk alone
And may not merit this One's love,
Turn to Him and sins atone,
You will find the greatest friend in Him above.

Chris Stephens

The Wind

The wind blows its fresh scent across the skies;
It blows from man's birth till he dies;
The wind blows its scent past every man;
It blows soft and hard across the land;
Often when the wind blows hard and warm,
It is warning all the men of a future storm;
When the wind has finally faded to a gentle zephyr breeze,
All men may rest and take their ease.

Andrew Berry

The Hunt

Early awakened, we sat out
Finding the most suitable trees,
Quietly, secretly climbing:

Our eyes searching for limbs
Shaped precisely for a hunter...

Alone in the pre-dawn, I feel a revelation,
Seeking to reach my mind,
and let itself in.
Maybe, today I will find the answer.

The sun arose,
calling me from myself.
And I cursed its light;
But thinking better of it
I simply closed my eyes,
And rejoiced in its warmth!

Scott S. Tume

Flame and Fire

Flame and fire,
These funny words,
Are synonyms, and yet they differ.

The meaning changes
Within each word,
And also between the two.

They both suggest,
In the literal sense,
A burning which takes place.

And, too, it is,
Through the chemists' eyes,
Oxidation, with elegance.

Warmth for the desolate,
A beacon for cold,
A spectrum of sight, to admire.

Passion, for the lovers
Of burning desire,
With all the soul aflame.

But destruction, for some,
An eating away,
A burning of the mind.

In the heat of the battle,
The general cried,

In the heat of the battle,
The general cried, "Fire!"
Following the roar was a pall.

They descended the stair,
To the fires of hell,
A payment for sins above.

All this becomes
From the sparks of the wheel,
The tempest, Growing greater.

A kindling, so said,
Was all it took
To produce the rage, the torch.

A blow, at first,
Will put out the flame
But later strengthens the fire.

So the eternal flame
Shines on and on;
Its light seems infinite.

Dan Jones

The Latent Hope

The latent hope is shared by few,
Those lilies in the mother's view,
Who lace the earth with gifts of love;
They spawn a brotherhood of doves.

But where—where may I find these anxieties, Lord;
How many have tried, how many have failed, to grasp
horizons out of view;
Despair—Oh that debilitating word that sickens dreams and
bends our spines;
Tell me, Great Mover, are these gifts gone: the response
perhaps is news to us.

Seek beyond the realm of desire;
Supplant the thief and the holy liar,
And all who deny my word is true,
My son this hope is up to you.

With grace and salvation His word is told,
And now I see that I am committed by love
to serve the Almighty,
To be His liegeman, for I am no longer blinded by necessities.
Despair abdicates from its reign to be replaced by heavenly
light.

The latent hope is shared by few;
Those lilies in the mother's view
Provide a staff of life through love,
From carefree perches high above.

Steve Hines

Shame on the Hill

Is he looking? I can't tell;
You know he loves to use his wit,
But after years of practice here,
I think I'll go for it!

The discs are flying in the air;
The privileged lull about.
I think they call it spring fever
That relieves me of my doubt.

My books are set, I'm on my mark;
The gun is set to blow.
He grades his papers so absorbed—
The signal—and off I go.

Free at last, I feel so good,
My manacles are gone.
I think I'll meander to the gym
Or stretch out on the lawn.

Was I caught? I will not know
—Until I see the list.
But the spring beauty that I encounter
Soothes my fear of this.

On the hill, we learn to grow;
We stand so big and tall.
But oh the pleasure of losing an inch
By skipping a study hall.

Anderson Spickard

Man's Nature

*As I sit in contemplation of the world around
And see the gentle swaying of the grass,
The sun shining through the trees,
I feel the glow of nature.*

*For from these sights, pleasure comes,
The enjoyment of nature's beauty,*

*Something to be seen and felt,
Not to have to face humankind.*

*Man with his interest in his self,
Not caring for his brother or habitat;
He sees not his destructive forces,
Only continues them on and on without end.*

*A world around, I can no longer see,
I have blinded myself to all its beauty.*

Matt Cassell

Chicago

*Upon a swampland built was she;
This town stands there beside the lake;
The wind blows off the wide prairie;
As waves upon the beaches break.*

*When largely burned by raging fire,
Which started in O'Leary's shack;
The city's spirit did not tire;
The people built their city back.*

*The nation's hub she soon became;
The link between the east and west,
And quickly grew the city's fame;
Her railroad yards were called the best.*

*A city torn apart by gangs,
Who fought to rule the underworld,
But still the city's church bells rang;
The Loop trains through the downtown curled.*

*For years a mayor ran this town,
A man who loved the Irish green,
But even he the reaper found
And with died his great machine.*

*Upon the swampland built was she;
She has become a melting pot;
The wind blows off the wide prairie;
Her people sleep, but she does not.*

Andrew Watts

Questions of Ambition

*Oh, what a struggle for fortune and fame;
Is it a question of ambition or does everyone want a name?*

*Is it every man's desire to be better than the rest,
Or is it just the ambitious man that wants to be the best?*

*Does the talented student always make the better grade,
Or is it the ambitious one that has the "A" made?*

*Is it that goals of kings and presidents are set so far,
Or is it their ambition to fulfill these goals that makes them what they are?*

*Were Caesar and Alexander born to dominate,
Or was it their ambition that made them great?*

*Now this is the final question that I ask of thee:
If you consider your ambitions, shall it not make you see,
That you can become what you so long to be?*

Russell Jones

Death

*In times when the world is in confusion
And there is no concern for others,
There follows a great profusion
Of the killing of our own brothers.*

*One man may not realize
When he takes another's life
That he can do that just as well
With pointed words as with a knife.*

*These malignant words and thoughts
Which later cannot be unsaid
Are much more painful than any war
In terms of their results in dead.*

*And in this world where nothing is as it seems,
How delicate are our spirits, how fragile are our dreams.*

Marc Chambers



"Modern Society" by Alan Batson

Ode to Euell Gibbons

*Deep in the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee,
The horrifying sound of a piercing scream seems to echo*

*As a Douglas fir cries out in excruciating agony,
Savagely torn to shreds by the gums of our aged hero;
It was struck down in the prime of its youth;
Just picture the man, with pine twigs sagging from his mouth's corner.*

*As he sneaks up on a beautiful hemlock, an act so uncouth,
And chops off a branch before anyone could warn her;*

*You guessed it, he's Euell Gibbons;
The man who gnawed his way to fame,
He snatches all pines and tears them to ribbons;
His only objective is to kill or maim;*

*He is the man who made Grape Nuts famous,
And thinks he did us a favor
By saving the world before foliage overcame us;
You ask why he is a pine tree craver;*

*Well, you see, he is a health food lover
And a vegetarian by trade.
Some say he is a park ranger undercover,
About to make an evergreen raid*

*On some unsuspecting people in a picnic area.
Gathering some pine trees to make their fires glow.
In a fit of mad hysteria*

He screams, "Wait, many parts are edible, you know!"

Don Brothers

To Nature

*When one ventures into Nature profound,
He sees the glow of her heavenly powers
And hearkens to her rapturous sound;
Alleluia! that this accord can be ours.*

*There must be here some gentle entity,
That serves us as a celestial bridge,
Wrought supernal above our urbanity—
Praise be the bards Thoreau and Coleridge!*

*Is this the sylvan spirit that killed so
Many thousand in the latest Turkish quake;
Or perhaps it was this radiant soul
That drowned the babe in the gentle lake.*

*O bounteous Nature, let me commune with thee!
I'll forget thy harsher side, the stark reality.*

Mike Anderson

Life

*As he lay in death, he realized
How life was really organized;
Part was a struggle with other men,
But the main battle fought, was within;
He had worked, sweated, and plowed his own field,
But not once beside a pew had he kneeled.
This rivalry of wealth with his friends
Finally come to the usual end;*

*Finally came to the usual end;
His soul so long had been rotting,
His spirit too had been forgotten,
That without them, he had come to pay
On that ever so fateful judgment day.*

Kirk Porter

The Hand

*The pain of knuckles across the face,
Clenched in challenge during a race;
Though its tasks are many and sometimes great,
It is often the hand that decides one's fate.*

*It is a part of the self with a mind of its own;
Its accomplishments are many though seldom shown;
Its deeds are so great it makes one wonder;
What gives it its strength, its power of thunder.*

*Its touch is soft and always warm;
It says the words that the mouth cannot form;
There are many expressions the hand can say best,
With a pat on the back or a gentle caress.*

*Though sometimes scarred and battle worn,
The hand may be scolded, but never scorned.*

Johnny Wagster

The Pigeon

*While I sat in my back row seat,
Pondering many a volume of needless lore,
Suddenly there came a cooing,
Yes, a cooing from the back window,
Only this and nothing more.*

*Well I remember on that sunny Monday,
While I sat dreaming of fields of hay,
And streams of fish,
But from my seat I could not stir,
Not until the noon day bell did let me go,
Only then and not before.*

*As I looked for the source of the mysterious coo,
My heart throbbed, could it be, could it be;
Nay tis not,
Tis only the clumsy pigeon,
Only this and nothing more.*

*There it sat upon the back window,
Knowing none of the course that was not done,
Yes, there it sat silent and still,
Suddenly the air was shattered by its voice—Coo-coo-
Coo-coo,
Only this and nothing more.*

*Startled at its strange advice,
I pondered why, why must I sit here now,
When trees have leaves and grass has sprung,
With warm sunlight beaming from above,
Why here forevermore.*

*To my pigeon I placed this question,
But all he replied was Coo-coo-Coo-coo,
Only this and nothing more.*

*Startled at its dumb reply, I shrieked,
Shooed, shooed him from my open window;
This caused a clatter that was no small matter,
Ah, yes something more.*

*And here I sit in Wallace Hall,
Working off my demerits while
The sun shines and the grass does grow,
Yes all of a pigeon's Coo-coo-Coo-coo,
Only this and nothing more.*

"Edgar Allen" Coleman

Dinner Table

"Well son," Squire said, "How's college?"
 "All right, I guess."
 Wilson's grandfather looked at him and smiled.
 "Well, I mean, it's a lot of fun, and I've met a lot of intelligent people."
 "You sound just like your father," Squire winked.
 Wilson had not been home since Christmas, and it was spring break. Since he had been at Princeton, he had made the honor roll, the polo team, and two new girlfriends.
 "Honey, eat your broccoli," said Wilson's mother with a look of anxiety.
 "I don't like broccoli."
 "You used to."
 "Well, I don't now."
 "Have you been taking your vitamins regularly?"
 "Mom..."
 "You know, they're saying now that massive doses of riboflavin can prevent cancer."
 Squire puffed on his cigar and took a healthy sip of his bourbon. "Yeah, back when I was a boy, we had never even heard of preventive medicine. The best

way to stay healthy was to work out in the fields from sunrise to sunset."

"Irene, could you bring us some of the bourbon cake left over from Saturday night? I think it's in the refrigerator." Wilson's mother was worried her son was malnourished.

The Negro maid scurried into the kitchen.
 "Mom, you really need to give her a raise. I bet she doesn't even make minimum wage," said Wilson as he pondered his steamed broccoli and wondered how long politeness would force him to stay at the table.
 "Why, all she does is watch T.V. She's lucky to make what she does. None of my bridge partners pay their maids any more," the mother retorted.

"Dad, could I have the keys? Some of the boys and I are going out for a nightcap."

His father tossed him the keys to the Seville.
 Wilson changed shirts, brushed his teeth, gargled with Listerine, and combed his hair.

"And, if you don't mind, leave the lights on. I'll probably be late," called Wilson as he stepped out into the warm spring air.

"It's only youth," sighed Squire. "Everyone goes through it."

Mark Smith

The Sky

Way above high in the sky
 Clouds of darkness hover;
 Below in the city people sigh,
 Waiting to be uncovered;
 No one on earth has the power
 To push these clouds away;
 In minutes they will start to shower
 And soon moisten the quiet day.
 Or maybe they will start to thunder
 And lightning will begin to flash
 And trees will fall asunder
 As they hit the ground with a crash;
 The day will look like night
 And then instantly look like day,
 As flashes of bright light
 Clash in their mythological way;
 The way of the sky seems funny
 It's hard for the human brain
 To figure why it can be sunny,
 And then suddenly start to rain.

Ken Nichols



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